

The Mother's Gift.

nage, to whom he always spoke in so insolent a manner, as made him generally despised; one day, a little boy coming to the door, with a present



of fruit from his mother, to Mrs. Campbel, the young gentleman told him his mamma was not at home; but, says he, you shall stay and play with me. I thank you, Sir, answered

The Mother's Gift.

ed the little boy, but my mother desired me to make haste back, and I would not disobey her on any account: if she chuses that I should come, I will, if you please, return again. You had better stay now you are here, replied master Campbel. No, indeed Sir, said the good little George Collins (for that was his name) I could not stay with pleasure, unless my mother had given me leave. He then ran home as fast as possible, told her of master Campbel's invitation, and asked her if she wanted him. She praised him very much for being so dutiful, and told him, he might go as soon as he had been for her cow. He obeyed with the utmost readiness, and then asked, if he should not do any thing else for her; she thanked him for his desire of being serviceable to her, but said, she wanted